



PHENOMENAL BARGAINS.

TOO MANY GOODS, THEY MUST BE SOLD.
WE WILL OFFER FOR ONE WEEK,
BEGINNING MONDAY, JULY 20,
Wonderful, Moving Inducements in all Departments.

- 39c. Cyl Corsets, French model, at 59 cents.
- 13c. For Ladies' fine linen hand embroidered handkerchiefs, worth 25 cents.
- 13c. A pair pure milanese silk Jersey Mitts, actual value 35 cents.
- 10c. A yard India Mull, soft and fine, all colors, worth 20c.
- 8c. A yard, 27 inch Challis de Orient, worth 12 1/2 cents.
- 18c. Yard best half wool Challis, worth 25 cents.
- 47c. For finest all wool French Challis, magnificent colorings.
- 19c. A yard, Black plaid Organdie fine and sheer, this not withstanding the extreme scarceness of these goods. Value 35 cents.
- 15c. A pair, Children's French ribbed Hose, seamless, worth 25 cents.
- 25c. Children's imported lisle thread Hose, actually cheap at 50 cents.
- 15c. Infant's Balbriggan Socks, splendid for hot weather.

- 25c. Ladies Fine Gauze Black Hose, warranted fast, reduced from 40 cents.
- 33c. Ladies Very Fine Quality "Victoria" Black Hose, warranted fast, down from 60 cents.
- 10c. Ladies Ribbed Bodice, fine and cool, great value, for 25 cents.
- 25c. Ladies French Balbriggan Jersey Vests, made of combined Egyptian Cotton, down from 40 cents.
- 12 1/2 c. A yard Fine Scotch Gingham, worth 20 cents.

MEN'S FURNISHINGS.

- 7c. Men's Collars, all shapes.
- 11c. Men's 4-ply Cuffs, worth 20 cents.
- 23c. Men's Fine Jacquard Web Suspenders, corded ends, worth 35 cents.
- 33c. Men's India Gauze Undershirts, fine quality, worth 50 cents.
- \$1.25 Suit for Celebrated Bonbon French Balbriggan Underwear, the best in the world.

- 10c. For Hair Curlers.
- 98c. For Mosquito Bars on umbrella frames, worth \$1.50.
- \$1.62 Mosquito Bars on patent canopy frame, extra wide skirt.
- 13c. A yard, lovely figured Persian Mull.
- GREAT CUT-RATE PARASOL SALE.**
- 25c. Each for fancy Silk Parasols, actual value, \$1.00.
- 50c. Each for fancy Silk Parasols, cheap at \$2.00.
- 75c. For lovely Silk Parasols, down from \$2.50.
- \$1.25 For fine fancy Silk Parasols, cheap at \$3.50.
- \$1.50 For magnificent Silk and Escorial Lace Parasols, actually worth \$4.00 to \$7.50.

BASSETT & CO. BASSETT & CO. BASSETT & CO.

"THE LAST OF THE MOHICAN" SALE

Is booming and the people are flocking to it. Good news as well as bad news travels rapidly. Many are buying shoes and laying them away for future use. Why don't you?



GO ON SALE:
THURSDAY MORNING AT 7 O'CLOCK,
At 50c, 75c, and \$1.00, worth \$1.50 and \$2.00.

J. H. ANDERSON & CO.

Nos. 1 and 3 Main St. Glass Corner.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Sam'l P. Parker's old, harmless and quick cure for Infants' and Children's Complaints. Superior to Castor Oil, Syrup of Marshmallows, Syrup of Senna, Children's Syrup, etc. It is a safe, reliable, and pleasant medicine for all ailments of the bowels and stomach.

Central Tobacco Warehouse.

J. C. KENDRICK, J. H. PETTUS, GEO. S. IRWIN, T. W. SHAW
Kendrick, Pettus & Co., TOBACCO SALESMEN.
All Tobacco Insured unless we have written instructions to the contrary.
CLARKVILLE, TENN.
SOLICITING YOUR PATRONAGE.
JOHN T. BODDIE, Boddie, Ky., Agent

WHEELER, MILLS & CO., TOBACCO.

Warehousemen and Commission Merchants.
RUSSELLVILLE AND RAILROAD STREETS, HOPKINSVILLE, KY.
Liberal Advances on Consignments. All Tobacco sent in Covered by Insurance.

PEOPLES' WAREHOUSE, HANBERRY & SHRYER, PROP'S.

HOPKINSVILLE, Ky. R. R. St. Bet 10th and 11th.

Central Tobacco Warehouse, HOPKINSVILLE, KENTUCKY, H. H. Abernathy, Prop'r.

Personal attention paid to sampling and selling tobacco.

Resolutions of Respect.
Our brother, Prof. Jacob Ward Rust, L.L.D., died June 28th, 1890. The life of Bro. Rust was so intimately connected with the life of the Hopkinsville Baptist church, and the result of the last years of his life so directly helpful to the church's upbuilding, that we deem it our privilege and duty to give expression to the high esteem in which we held him; therefore be it

Resolved, By the Hopkinsville Baptist church that the following tribute to his character be entered upon the minutes of the church, and be furnished to the papers for publication:

It may well be said of Bro. Rust that he has finished his course. No life is perfect and no record of usefulness is complete, but among those who approach nearest to this ideal we write his name. Deprived in early life of those surroundings which fit men for easy access to prominence, and having to cut out his own path, he has achieved a record which has occupied the acquired some little peculiarities—peculiarities of strength, peculiarities as harmless and innocent as the fancies of a little child, which, however, to some extent, blinded the unseeing and unthinking to the greatness of his character and to the variety and excellence of his gifts.

His intuition, his insight into things, was unusually developed, and perhaps was his most striking quality. No man came more quickly and more correctly to an opinion of men or of measures. This was evidenced by the fact that in church and association and convention his opinion was sought by brethren upon every measure for adoption and upon every man for promotion.

Yet how can we say that any quality was more largely developed in him than his love of peace and his ability to maintain and restore peace among those disposed to faction. "Blessed are the peacemakers; for they shall be called the sons of God." Then was he a son of God beyond all question. In the more troublesome times of the past, when denominational lines were wavering and factions were being torn asunder, he felt it his mission to allay the fever of excitement and to heal the wounds of conflict. Well did he fulfill that mission. Who does not hear him say: "Let us never divide on double issues, and let us never have those where good brethren are on both sides." No work is more to the heart of God; no work more to the heart of our deceased brother. In his love of peace he was ready to take a position upon issues, and when responsibility came he was ready to meet them. He never shirked an unpleasant duty. In emergencies his brethren always put him at the front. And yet how sensitive, how delicately sensitive he was! The approbation of his friends and brethren was sweet to him, and the slightest manifestation of their lack of sympathy or approval was a pain in his heart, but even this did not make him hesitate or halt in his plan of action. He had largely a woman's nature. It was the impulse of his mind to command and uphold. He was the joy of his pastor's heart.

He was energetic to restlessness. He grew on activity and declined when forced into inaction. God made him a hammer. There was no eloquent of the nail in him, save to bear in pain some unkind hand strike. He wrought, he suffered, he rejoiced, he loved with every fibre of his being. Who does not weep yet when he thinks of how he suffered when so recently that sweet little flower of his life was plucked? Who does not rejoice when memory recalls his exaltation upon the honors heaped upon the son of his affections?

We shall miss his hearty greetings, his unlimited hospitality, his tender sympathy, his wise counsels. The many whom he has helped to education and usefulness now mourn his loss. The many of those who had gone before him have greeted him upon the other shore. Surely was his nature and spirit fitted to enjoy beyond measure such a welcome, such a

Nature's Freak.
Rock Lick, July 10.—This quiet little Kentucky town has been in a great state of excitement for the last three weeks, and the female portion of the population is in high feather, for they have a phenomenal child birth to discuss, and can tell more reasons for it than the most expert man of medicine can.

On May 22 Mrs. J. S. Morton gave birth to what was at first supposed to be a sound and well as any man in the town. In 1837 I was induced to try Swift's Specific (S. S. S.) I commenced to improve from the first dose, and continued to get better, until to-day I am as sound and well as any man in the town. This was two years ago, and which I have had no return of since or any pain in the legs. From experience I conscientiously believe that Swift's Specific (S. S. S.) is as good as a load of powder, and I should be glad to recommend it to anyone suffering from any disease of the blood.

Chas. E. Hamilton,
Russellville, Ind.

Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases
Sent by mail free.
SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

It Happened at Bar Harbor.
Dick—Did you kiss her?
Chappie—No I didn't dare to. But (proudly) she kissed me—Munsey's Weekly.

New Yorker. I understand that during the fair in Chicago, the natives are obliged to keep off the streets.

Bostonian. Why, what's that for?
New Yorker—They don't want to make them the principal feature—Plunder.

Helon.—My dear Lucy, did you notice that young man asleep in Deacon Albert's pew last Sunday?
Lucy—Yes.
Helon—Ridiculous, wasn't it? What did you think, really?
Lucy—He thought him a noddy fellow—Plunder.

ABOUT CO-EDUCATION.
It develops the Best Traits of Character in Girls and Boys.

It is the most natural thing in the world for the little boy to lead his little sister or girl friend—knowing no difference between them, save that of their dispositions or qualities. He will go first, though with beating heart, perhaps, that he may protect her from the terrible gander, which, with outstretched wings and hideous open beak and frightening cries, is advancing toward them; he will give her the nicest chocolate; he will carry her books; he will help her to cross the brook or to climb the fence; and he will love her truly and tenderly, and all without fear or shame.

The little girl will as naturally seek his companionship, she will admire his prowess in facing danger, and gratefully accept all the tokens of his care, while she feels her superiority in the matters of daintiness, taste and propriety, and she will love him as sweetly and tenderly as he her.

Studying together, playing together, growing together both mentally and physically, the boy's many qualities become strengthened by the use to which they are put. A sense of his responsibility as a protector and helper, develops his powers. At the same time that he becomes more truly gentle and affectionate, he is advancing toward them; he will give her the nicest chocolate; he will carry her books; he will help her to cross the brook or to climb the fence; and he will love her truly and tenderly, and all without fear or shame.

The girl, his associate, is learning, too. She finds that cowardice, deceit, vanity and petty spite are not considered as attractions by her boy friends, and, becoming ashamed of them, seeks to cultivate the opposing virtues. She learns, too, to take broader views of things and of life; to outgrow the littleness which is the bane of women educated without male companionship.

Each ceases to be marked enemies seeking to outwit each other as in a game, and become capable of loyal friendships and comradeships, understanding and appreciating each other.

Voltaire Betz Co., Marshall, Mich.

To Nervous Debilitated Men.
If you will send us your address, we will mail you our illustrated pamphlet explaining all about Dr. Dye's Celebrated Electro-Voltaic Belt and Appliances, and their charming effects upon the nervous debilitated system, and how they will quickly restore you to vigor and manhood. Pamphlet free. If you are thus afflicted, we will send you a Belt and Appliances on a trial.

Voltaire Betz Co., Marshall, Mich.

MAGNIFICENT SYRACUSE.
What is Left of the Famous Capital of Sicily's Athenian Empire?
There are few cities in Europe, there is none in Sicily, so replete with classical interest as the once magnificent city of Syracuse, against whose walls was shattered the greatness of the brilliant and mighty Athenian empire. Sadly fallen, indeed, are the fortunes of the Syracuse of today. The resistless progress of devastation caused by the action of man and of time is probably nowhere more effectively witnessed than at Syracuse. The few suburbs which were included within the ancient walls have shrunk to the modern town which covers the site of the old city, the spot where the Corinthian adventures settled in 480 B.C., and from whence rose "the greatest and fairest of all Greek cities." Of these four towns, containing superb public and private buildings, nothing comparatively speaking, but a few large stone remains. Since the time when the city was pillaged and fired by the Saracens in 878 the ruins have wasted and moldered away, the crumbling dust being swept by the winds into the sea, and the site upon which the mighty power was once enthroned, have taken place in now converted into corn-fields rudely tilled, whilst here and there a farmstead dots the lonely and desolate expanse. The leading features of the suburbs of Syracuse still remain the same, and any student of Thucydides can easily trace for himself all the varying movements of the great Athenian siege. The magnificent harbor is still, as on the memorable day when Nikias and his Generals to the Athenian triremes hurried themselves with desperation against the vessels of the Spartan Gylippus, who, having blockaded the entrance to the harbor with chains, held the Athenian navy as in a vice. The two land armies watched the engagement from the banks, and stimulated the combatants with loud shouts, described by Thucydides as resembling the surging of a dramatic chorus. How the heroic power was overwhelmed, and how, after a few days of misery, Nikias and his blood-stained and broken battalions surrendered, and Demosthenes capitulated; and how the seven thousand prisoners were taken to the stone quarries to die a day's death of disease, hunger and thirst, are facts too well-known to need recounting. Oldly enough, when I first entered the harbor of Syracuse it was occupied by a modern port, though the picturesque feet that of ancient Athens or of Syracuse, via, the Italian fleet of ponderous black ironclads, with a horn of waspish, spiteful torpedo boats flitting across the blue waters of the expansive harbor, which twenty-three centuries before had been beaten into bloody surf by splashing oars and the clashing of mighty triremes—Art Journal.

HIS FIRST SERMON.
Rev. Dr. Thomas Admits It Was Not a Success.
My introduction to the ministry was not formal. I began speaking in "voluntary meetings," and when the "leader" name was greatly frightened and tried to relate what little "experience" I had, not knowing what I would say nor what I had said when done. By degrees more composure was gained, and I was urged to "exhort" at little gatherings for worship; and then as a student at the age of eighteen was presented to preach at a school-house one evening as a number of us were returning from a summer meeting. There were several ministers in the company; all were on horseback. I rode alone all day to prepare for the service, and arranged my subject under four heads or divisions, as was then the custom in sermonizing. It was a very happy and successful one; the little log-house was light-

et with candles and filled with plain country people. The preacher sat on a bench back of me, and I went through the opening exercises in a devotional spirit and without embarrassment, and in the same state of mind announced the text, and had spoken, perhaps not more than three minutes when my thoughts left me and the dimly-lighted room began to grow darker. I thought of my "second division" and tried that, but all seemed vacant; not able to remember the "third division" I caught the "fourth," but it brought no relief, and by great efforts I recovered myself sufficiently to say in broken words that I had consented to try to speak but could not, and sat down in the confusion deeply mortified over the failure.

One of the preachers, a florid speaker, arose and gave a brilliant exhortation that served to fill out the hour very well, but it brought me no relief, for the contrast made my own littleness appear still less. The next day I read alone and thought it all over; I felt I had mistaken my calling and had been deserted and left to stand alone and fall; but the conviction of duty returned, and urged by my teacher I went to try again; and this time, too, it was in a school-house, but in the afternoon. Only a few were present and I had been in such fear for hours that it could not grow worse, and so managed to get through, speaking some thirty minutes.

Returning home once, perhaps a year after, I spoke of having "preached" at a certain place. My father, a thoughtful man, inclined to the Quaker faith and worship, looked up from the paper he was reading and said: "Son, say you tried to preach," and that is what I have been doing ever since. Long experience has given more confidence, but it has not lightened the deep sense of burden and responsibility, and of dependence upon a higher power for help.—W. H. Thomas in Chicago Tribune.

Her: Idea of Marriage.
A servant-girl living with a lady in Iowa came to her mistress one day and said: "I'm sorry, ma'am, but I'll have to leave you next month. Me and my young man are going to get married then." "Very well, Mary," replied the lady. "I hope, however, that you have given the matter careful consideration, and counted the cost in case one makes a mistake in marrying." "I'm ma'am, it ain't going to cost me anything," was the immediate reply. "He's to buy the license his own self, you know,"—Youth's Companion.

Indian Eloquence.
Stranger—You say that big fellow there is a very eloquent Indian!
Agent of the Reservation—Yes; he can raise your hair.—Chicago Times.

They Just Help Themselves.
Old Lady—No young man should ever ask a girl for a kiss.
Young Lady—They usually don't.—Philadelphia Press.

Miss Bostonian (first visit to New York) What's that yellow liquid everyone seems to use here?
New Yorker—Beer, madam.
Miss Bostonian—You must have some large reservoirs here.—Plunder.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—U. S. Gov't Report, Aug. 17, 1889.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE